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HEVER CASTLE AND QUEEN ANNE BOLEYN.

On the western border of the county of Kent, about four miles north-west of Penshurst, stand the remains of Hever Castle, the ancient seat of a family of that name, but more endeared to memory as the residence of the ill-fated Anne Boleyn.

This Castle was erected by William de Hever, a Norman baron, who, under Edward III., obtained the King's license to "embattle his manor-house," as well as to have liberty of free warren within this demesne. His two daughters and co-heiresses conveyed it in marriage to the families of Cobham and Brocas: the former, who had acquired the whole by purchase, afterwards sold the entire estate to Sir Geoffrey Boleyn, a wealthy mercer of London, lord-mayor of that city in the thirty-seventh of Henry VI., and great grandfather to Anne Boleyn, the unfortunate queen of Henry VIII. and mother of queen Elizabeth.* On the death of Sir Thomas Boleyn,

* The family of Boleyn, or Bullen, originally of French extraction, was transplanted to England soon after the Norman conquest, and settled in Norfolk, where they resided for three centuries, maintaining their rank and influence among the provincial gentry, till Sir Geoffrey Boleyn, amidst the conflicts of York and Lancaster, exchanged the pastimes of hawking and hunting, for the pursuits of commerce, amassed great wealth, and was invested with the titles of knight-hood; while his children intermarried with noble families. The remains of Sir Geoffrey Boleyn are deposited in St. Leonard's Church, near the Old Jewry. From a record referred to in Bloomfield's *History of Norfolk*, it appears that he purchased the manor of Bickling, in Norfolk, of Sir John Falstaffe,



(From a rare print by Hollar, after Holbein.)

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K. G. Earl of Wiltshire and Ormond, and father of Anne, Henry seized this estate in right of his late wife: and afterwards enlarged it by purchases from others of her family; or as Miss Benger, the accomplished biographer of Anne Boleyn, states, "Henry, with matchless rapidity, claimed it in right of a wife, from whom, previous to her being beheaded, he had been divorced." The next possessor was the lady Anne of Cleves; who, after her divorce, had settled on her this and other adjoining manors for life, or so long as she should remain in the kingdom, at the yearly rent of 93*l.* 13*s.* 3*d.* She made Hever Castle her general place of residence; and died here in the fourth or fifth year of the reign of Philip and Mary, at which time these estates were sold by commissioners authorized by the Crown to Sir Edward Walsgrave, lord chamberlain to the queen's household; who, on the accession of Elizabeth, was divested of all his employments, and committed to the Tower, where he died in 1561. From his family, the manors passed to the Humphreys, and finally to the family of the Medleys, in Sussex. "The castle is now the property of Miss Waldo; and Mr. Robinson, architect of London, has fitted up some apartments for that lady's residence."

Hever Castle is considered a fine specimen of the domestic fortress, a term applied to structures which are, as it were, midway between the castle and the mansion, or, for the purposes of warlike defence and peaceful enjoyment. Mr. Britton, who inspected the Castle about a year since, describes it as "a large mass of building, with buttresses, square towers, embrasures, square windows, and a watered moat;" the latter being supplied by the river Eden. The engraving shows the entrance-gateway, which consists of a centre flanked by towers: it is embattled and strongly machicolated, and likewise defended by a portcullis. The great staircase communicates with various chambers, wainscoted with small oaken panels, and a long gallery with a curiously ornamented ceiling in stucco.

knight. Sir William Boleyn, the son of Sir Geoffrey, was equally fortunate and more aspiring than his predecessor: he proved a successful courtier, and his most sanguine expectations were more than realized by the subsequent union of his son Thomas with Elizabeth, daughter of the Earl of Surrey, a nobleman in whom high rank was exalted by chivalrous valour, munificent liberality, and refined taste. Sir Thomas did not, however, obtain preferment till the end of the reign of Henry VII.; and he appears to have spent that interval at Rochford Hall, in Essex, where, in 1507, his wife gave birth to the celebrated Anne, the scene of whose infancy is still shown to the curious inquirer, with many traditional observations.—We abridge this note from Miss Benger's *Memoirs*; but in vol. xviii. of *The Mirror*, p. 245, our Correspondent, James Sylvester, states Anne Boleyn to have been born at Blickling Hall, where the fact is recorded on a pedestal supporting Anne's statue. Miss Benger does not quote the authority for her statement; and the line on the pedestal may be traditional.

† Britton's *Sketches of Tunbridge Wells*, 1832.

The windows of the staircase display several shields in painted glass, collected from different parts of the Castle, charged with the arms and alliances of the Boleyns, &c. At the upper end of the gallery, part of the floor lifts up, and discovers a narrow, gloomy descent, leading as far as the moat, and called the dungeon.

Presuming the reader to be acquainted with an outline of the tragical story of Anne Boleyn, we may proceed to a few details of that period of her life which she passed at Hever. Thither Anne retired after Wolsey's malicious interference to annul her engagements with Lord Percy, son of the Earl of Northumberland. The crafty cardinal, having first prevailed on the earl to forbid his son's marriage with Anne, next succeeded in persuading Sir Thomas Boleyn to withdraw her from the court. Anne was little aware of the real source of her disappointment, which was, in truth, the unholy passion of Henry: she, on the other hand, attributed it exclusively to Wolsey's malice;—"and," observes Miss Benger, "she protested, with an impetuosity which, fatally for herself, she never learnt to control, that she would some day find the means to requite the injury." Anne's seclusion at Hever is thus touchingly referred to:

"The aspect of this edifice, which had been originally built in the reign of Edward the Third, was venerable and imposing. In its moated walls, its Gothic turrets, and military drawbridge, might be traced the same stern features of feudal rudeness and magnificence, which lowered in the majestic towers of Wresil Castle, that ancient seat of the Percies, of which she had so lately hoped to become the mistress. The entrance to Hever Castle was by a gateway, flanked with round towers, and protected by a portcullis; but hospitality reigned within that mansion, of which the approach was so formidable and uninviting. The lofty hall recalled the image of baronial festivity; and on the windows of the long, winding gallery, Anne Boleyn might trace a series of heraldic honours, sufficiently illustrious to challenge alliance with the house of Percy. In her mother's right, she beheld the four-coated shield of Howard, Brotherton, Warren, and Mowbray; whilst with still greater exultation she traced the eight quarters of Hoo, St. Omer, Malmain, Wickingham, St. Leger, Wallop, Ormond, that emblazoned her paternal escutcheon.—The wainscoted apartment which she occupied, with plain oaken panels, is still in existence. The long gallery she so often traversed with impatience, still seems to re-echo her steps; and after the vicissitudes of three centuries, the impression of her youth, her beauty, and singular destiny, is still fresh and vivid to the imagination."

Whilst Anne Boleyn was repining in exile, Henry contrived the marriage of her lover,

Lord Percy, to the daughter of the Earl of Shrewsbury. "At this moment," says Miss Benger, "there is no reason to believe she divined the true source of her disappointment: even her father's sagacity appears not to have penetrated the mystery; and he probably attributed the royal interposition solely to that spirit of domination which he had long remarked in his sovereign, of whom it was too justly predicted, that he would not scruple to strike off even a favourite's head, if it obstructed his views of advantage."

"According to tradition, however, the mist vanished from his eyes, when he suddenly saw the king arrive by stealth at Hever, on some frivolous pretext, which ill disguised his real errand, that he came but to steal a glimpse of the lovely Anne Boleyn.† Alarmed by this delicate attention, Sir Thomas is said to have sedulously withdrawn his daughter from the king's view, and during his visit, on the plea of indisposition, to have kept her confined to her chamber. Whatever credit be attached to this tale, it is certain that a considerable time intervened before Anne resumed her place at court; and that, during her absence, her father, created Lord Viscount Rochford, was advanced to the office of treasurer of the royal household."

The sequel of Anne's career must be in the recollection of the reader, since no event in our history has been more minutely illustrated: even the *love-letters* of the contracting parties are treasured to this day in our national archives.

The fall of the Boleyns must have been signally sudden; for Lambard does not refer to them in his *Perambulations in Kent*, published towards the middle of the 17th century. Miss Benger has the following interesting "Supplementary Remarks" on this ill-fated family:

"To the Boleyns, no motto could have been so appropriate as that assumed by the House of Courtenoy, *ubi lapsus—quid feci?* Their rise had been slow and gradual; their fall was rapid and irretrievable; and after the death of Anne, they never recovered dignity and importance. The Earl of Wiltshire survived his ill-fated children but two years, and died, in 1538, at Hever, in whose parochial church his tomb is still pointed out to the curious visitor. For the countess, contrary to her daughter's predictions, was rewarded a longer term of existence; and,

eventually, she lived to witness the death or disgrace of the majority of those peers who sat in judgment on her daughter. The Earl of Northumberland had soon followed the object of his juvenile affection to the grave, overwhelmed with shame and sorrow for the execution of his brother, Sir Thomas Percy, who had been involved in Aske's rebellion. Cromwell and Surry perished on the scaffold; and the Duke of Norfolk was immured in the Tower, ere the remains of Anne's mother were consigned to the tomb of her ancestors, in the chapel at Lambeth, with this brief monumental inscription—

Elizabeth Howard, sometime Countess of Wiltshire.

"Mary Boleyn, her younger daughter, died in 1546, at Rochford Hall, Essex, leaving two children: a daughter, afterwards married to Sir Francis Knollys; and a son, Henry Carey, created Baron of Hunsdon by Queen Elizabeth, in whose brilliant circle he was distinguished as the honest courtier.

"The sons of this gallant nobleman enjoyed favour and consideration with James the First; and some of his female descendants married into noble families; but the fortunes of their house declined, and the collateral branches of the Boleyns, in Kent and Norfolk, sank into quiet obscurity."

The Portrait of Anne Boleyn, prefixed to this paper, is from a rare print by Hollar, in the British Museum; from a picture by Holbein.

THE ADIEU.

The idea from a Persian Translation.

In vain thine eyes sparkle, thou beautiful slave!
For a spirit more lovely has summon'd the brave;
And the lips that now rival the rose's deep hue,
Respond to the bosom which sighs its adieu.

The palm-shaded hills of Zardû I exchange,
O'er the wild pathless sands of the desert to range;
But the symbol that marshals our host on the plains
Must lead us to triumph, or ne'er lead again!

For thy rich silver voice which I wholly resign,
The thunder announcing the onset is mine:
For the lute whose strings warble like birds of the sky,

The heart-stirring trumpet its song will supply.

The fountain, awaked from its sleep by the Spring,
Its dew on the roses may playfully fling;
Thou wilt mark its rills gush with a fairy-like tone,
But their music will fail to entrance thee alone.

Thou lovely and loved one! the hall, the Serai,
Will fade from my visions as phantoms decay;
But thine image shall never depart from the shrine
Of the bosom so truly devoted to thine!

G. R. C.

THE HOMEWARD-BOUND SHIP.

With the white sail given
To the breath of heaven,
And the pennon waving free;
The brave ship glides
O'er the foaming tides,
Like a bride of the stormy sea.

There are friends to meet,
And lips to greet,

* A saying of Sir Thomas More, in reply to the congratulation of his son-in-law, Roper, on his having received a visit from the king, who walked with him in his garden at Chelsea, patting his arm round his neck, and leaning familiarly on his shoulder: "I thank the king's grace," said More; "but albeit he is a gracious prince, if my head could win him a castle in France, it would not long be on these shoulders."

† A small recess, or apartment, opening from the gallery at Hever, is said to have been occasionally used by Henry as a council chamber.—*Antiq. and Topog. Cantab.*, vol. I.

Where the shores of Albion gleam;
And bright forms pass
In Memory's glass
Like phantoms of a dream.

The palmy grove
Where Indians love
To watch the fire-flies' light;
And the eastern skies,
With gorgeous dyes,
Have charm'd the wanderer's sight.

But lovelier far
Their green haunts are,
With the vernal hum of bees;
And their hills more rife
With joy and life
Than the music of the seas.

Then give the sail
To the ocean-gale,
Which wantons with the foam;
Till thoughts extend,
And feelings blend
In one sweet dream of home.

G. R. C.

Manners and Customs.

EARLY INHABITANTS OF BRITAIN.

IN your No. 579, page 371, a Correspondent, in the course of a very well-founded attempt to vindicate the national civilization of the Britons, at and before the era of the invasion of Cæsar, has happened to mention the Bardic song of "Unbennaeth Prydian, or the Monarchy of Britain." The subject of this song, and that of the "Unbennaeth Prydian" itself, have before met my eye; but I was indulging a wish to recur to them, to recollect in what particular quarter I had seen them, and to know still more about them, at the very moment your Correspondent's letter fell in my way. I should be glad, therefore, if you would give me an opportunity of asking your Correspondent whether he can give me any further information upon either point, or refer me to authorities. Are the words of the "song" believed to be extant?—and where can I find the best and fullest accounts of the institutions of government among the ancient Britons? K.

EXTRACTS FROM THE ORIGINAL LETTERS OF AN OFFICER IN INDIA.

Guard at Madras.—"I have been on guard at the Wallaja and St. George's Gates. The guard-rooms and keeps are in the walls, and shell-proof—arched, and, of course, without windows: all the light and air we receive is through the low, arched doors, which are well supplied with bolts, bars, and padlocks. In one or other of these agreeable dungeons, the officer on guard remains for twenty-four hours."

Native Servants.—"Palaveram, 1823.—Nothing can exceed the filth of the people here; and, instead of being master, I am become nurse to two lubberly fellows, whom I am obliged to see wash themselves every morning, ere I can allow them to do anything for me!"

Serai.—"You have read of a Derviah, who, entering the king's palace, mistook it for an inn, or caravanseraï. There are no caravanserais in this part of the world, only serais; nor am I surprised at the pious man's mistake, as the serai is usually the handsomest house in the village."

Courtship in India.—"In this country, such affairs are effected by a *coup-de-main*, or rather, a *coup d'œil*:—look at a lady, and marry her you must, as the world considers it 'a settled thing.' All unknown in India are your tender courtships of nine or ten years, or as many months. Two or three days suffice to put everything *en train* for a wedding; and the ceremony, dinner, calls, return-calls, and ball, by the officers of the regiment, (given on the occasion,) are all got over in a fortnight."

After a March.—"I confess I like moving: a camp looks fine when things are unpacked, after a march; everybody being all bustle, and nobody, in fact, doing a thing; and the interior of a sub.'s tent is chaos and confusion personified. Fancy a chair in this place—perhaps minus a leg—intimating the future misfortune of its owner; a rickety table in that, vibrating with a touch, like the pendulum of a clock, and but too plainly foreboding the crazy state to which years of service will reduce its master; three or four boxes, and a bed, with some half-dozens of cups, saucers, plates, knives, forks, shoes, &c.: not one of these articles matching with another, strewed about in elegant disorder, by chance, or the laziness of a servant; a gun in one corner; a pair or two of boots in another; a fishing-rod, sprawling at length, athwart all the miscellaneous items with which the ground is covered; a boar-spear tied to the tent-pole; and Master Sub. himself, aweary with his walk, and this hopeless confusion, leaning back in the three-legged chair, his feet resting against the tent-pole, on a level with his forehead, wondering 'how long it wants to dinner?' and 'what there will be' for him. When the much-desired meal is ready, and all the hungry officers seated round the mess-table, it is ludicrous to hear them grumbling about the hardships and fatigues they have undergone, (in a ride of perhaps twelve miles,) protesting that it is *shameful* to order a regiment to march during the wet, or dry, season, (as it may be,) death being in either case inevitable, by drowning or suffocation! Now, I am quite ready to allow that the climate of this country entails upon the Indian officers, at all times, hardships, distresses, and sufferings, unknown to his happier European brother; but since everybody is aware that there are but the two seasons—*wet* and *dry*—in India, I should be glad to know when a regiment is to march?"

A Moonshee.—"Secunderabad, 1827.—I

lately engaged a moonshee to attend me, for a couple of hours per day, at ten rupees *per mensem*; but have since discharged him for *lousness* and incapacity. Frequently, when I have been writing, and in the full confidence that my sage tutor was looking over me, a loud snoring at my elbow has startled me! and behold—my moonshee fast asleep! Upon requiring the other day the explanation of something, he contradicted himself about it; and when I requested to know what he really meant, and which of his two *contrary* interpretations was the correct one, he said that *both* were right; then, suddenly starting up, (I never saw him so active before,) he exclaimed—“What for? how can teach, when master make trouble business himself?” So, as he could not teach, I discharged him. But they are, I believe, all alike; and they are only useful in being a sort of oral dictionaries, to whom reference is easier than to the written ones.”

Indian Roguery.—“Wallajabad, 1625.—Ever since my arrival here, and encampment on the beach, I have been pestered out of my life, by jugglers, hawkers, slaves, beggars, merchants, *saquirs*, thieves, &c.,—some of whom have contrived to steal from me my travelling set of silver forks and spoons, consisting of two of each size; but being now pretty well acquainted with the Indian system of roguery, I acquit these gentry, and pounce upon my own servant, with whom, until the articles be restored, I deal according to his deserts.”* H. C. B.

TITHES.

(From various Authorities.)

In the first five ages, the Church had no other income than that proceeding from landed property and offerings. It is true that some made offerings to God of the tenth of the produce of their lands, but this act was entirely voluntary. The bishops of that time repeatedly demanded of the faithful to offer their tenths to God, but without issuing any precepts to oblige them—satisfied with persuading them to offer this freely, and whatever they chose besides, for the priests, worship, and the poor. They were exhorted to pay tithes after the manner of the Jews; but at the same time it was intimated, that, being sons of Christ, they were more highly favoured than the Jews, and should therefore exceed them in liberality. Until the sixth century,

* More than once was the writer robbed, and even in some instances his desk broken open, and money and other property taken from it. Sometimes he recovered all, or nearly all, his lost possessions; and in almost every case was able to trace these thefts to his servants. A recent writer on India states, that it is only officers who have been long enough settled in India to have obtained a little wealth and consequence, that can get good and honest servants—such not choosing to hire themselves to raw youths just “come out;” the rest are mere riff-raff.

the fathers issued no precepts for paying tithes. At that epoch, the charity of the Christians was so cool, that they did not offer even necessities for supporting the priests. The zeal of the bishops could not allow them to behold with indifference the decline of worship, nor the poor neglected. To remedy the evil, it was requisite to change the old discipline of the church on that point, and to adopt ecclesiastical punishments to compel Christians to pay tithes. The first council that adopted this plan was that of Maçon, in France, 585: whose fathers gave, as a reason, that the offering of tithes was the custom in former times, although it had latterly been abolished. Almost at the same period, similar means were put in practice by the oriental bishops, for the establishment of this tax in their dioceses; but being disapproved by the emperors, it was relinquished till the crusades, when it was endeavoured to be introduced in some places. This old custom of the faithful in the first ages was the cause of the Greek and Latin bishops, after the sixth century, inflicting penalties on those who did not pay tithes. In consequence of the reluctance of the Christians, in making offerings for the above-mentioned pious purposes, the bishops made use of the arms of the church to compel them to pay, under the circumstances, so just a debt. On custom, too, other councils, celebrated in the following ages, found fair reasons for commanding the payment of tithes. To it, also, is attributed its origin by our laws, and by many ancient and modern doctors; and lastly, we find that, for want of custom, such a tax is not paid in different Catholic provinces of Germany, Italy, and France.

About 855, Ethelwolf conferred a donation on the clergy, for which they had been contending during several ages. The Jewish law, which bestowed on the Levites the tenth of all the produce of the land, was universally regarded by the clergy as obligatory on Christians; and, notwithstanding the obvious absurdity of this application of the law of Moses, they were inclined to extend it to a tenth of all merchandise, industry, wages of labourers, and pay of soldiers. They preached with great warmth and sincerity this indispensable duty; but the interests of the laity had hitherto been too powerful for their eloquence. At length, Ethelwolf granted their request; and the states of the kingdom consented to the establishment of tithes.

In 1152, Pope Eugene III., instigated by the advances made to the Court of Rome by St. Malachie O'Morgair, sent to Ireland a legate, John Paparo, with four palls. (The acceptance of the pall from the pope by bishops, is equivalent to the kissing of hands in England.) For the ceremony of distributing these palls, Paparo convened a council, famous in Irish ecclesiastical history as the

"National Council of Kells." There were present at it the Bishop of Lismore, as co-legate, and twenty-two other bishops. The palls were conferred on the Archbishop of Armagh, and the Bishops of Dublin, Cashel, and Tuam; these bishoprics being at the same time erected into metropolitan seats. Many other matters of church discipline were regulated; and among other rules, the payment of tithes was ordained by apostolical authority. Thus, it appears, that in 1152, tithes were established in Ireland, by an Irish national council, convened by a pope's legate. But it was not until 1155, that the bull of Adrian IV. appeared, which empowered, or affected to empower Henry II. of England to possess himself of that country; nor was it, at the earliest, before 1169, that the first hostile landing in Ireland was attempted by the English.

At the first institution of spiritual benefices, there was no such custom in existence as parochial tithes. The original dowry of churches, at the time of their foundation, consisted of house and glebe. The assignment of these was of such absolute necessity, that without them no church could be regularly consecrated;—and, properly, no rectory can be without glebe; for although the glebe may have been in fact alienated from the church, the law will always decide that a rectory has glebe belonging to it. But it was not requisite that a rectory should be endowed with tithes, as well as house and glebe. In some cases, churches were endowed with particular parcels of tithes, before the establishment of the parochial right; but the law has always made a distinction between these particular endowments, which are termed arbitrary consecration of tithes, and parochial tithes; and it will be seen that this distinction affords the strongest possible evidence of the different sources from which they respectively derive their origin.

In Archbishop Egbert's Excerptions, it is directed—That the priests themselves receive the tithes from the people, and keep a written account of the names of all that have paid them, and divide them in the presence of such as fear God, according to canonical authority: that they choose the first part for the ornament of the church, and distribute the second part for the use of the poor and strangers, with their own hands, with mercy and all humility; and that the priests reserve the third part to themselves. In the Canons of Elfric, made in the time of Alfred, it is said—The holy fathers have decreed that tithes be paid into God's church, and that the priests go to them, and divide them into three parts: one for the reparation of the church, a second to the poor, and a third to God's servants who attend the church.

By the statutes of 3 William and Mary, c. 3., and 11 and 12 of William III. c. 16,

the sum of five shillings per acre is substituted for tithes in kind of hemp and flax; and by the statute of 2 and 3 Edward VI., c. 13, all barren heath and waste grounds are exempted from tithes of corn and hay, for seven years after their improvement and conversion into arable and meadow land. It was enacted by the Irish statute of 40 George III., c. 23, that no suit should be entertained in any court of civil or ecclesiastical jurisdiction, for the tithe of agistment for dry and barren cattle, except in those places where such tithe then was or had been usually paid within the last ten years. W. G. C.

Select Biography.

THE YOUNG NAPOLEON.

(Concluded from page 85.)

Up to a certain age, the young Prince had been permitted to store his memory with facts, and to interpret them according to his own judgment. At length, however, it was deemed right that the Austrian version of the European story should be made known to the young prince. No fitter person could be found for the due execution of this task than the Prince de Metternich, who, under the name of lectures on history, gave him at length, and in a series of interviews, the whole theory of imperial politics. The leading views are given by M. de Montbel: they are very ingenious. Under the pretence of a sketch of his father's history, he points out to the young man the danger of rising above the station in which he is placed, and proves, in fact, that the very qualities which enable an individual to rise are precisely those which must afterwards ensure his fall. These lectures are described as having had the happiest results. The young Napoleon, or François, as he had been re-christened, eagerly accepted Metternich's instructions, and, in cases of any difficulty or doubt, always resorted to him for their solution. Both the Emperor and his minister, in short, seem to have succeeded in thoroughly winning the entire confidence of the youth: the practical result of which was, that no communication was ever made to him that he did not feel it a point of duty instantly to communicate. The youth is reported to have said to the Emperor and Metternich:—"The essential object of my life ought to be to make myself not unworthy of the glory of my father. I shall hope to reach this point of my ambition, if I can appropriate to myself any of his high qualities, taking care to avoid the rocks on which he split. I should be lost to a proper sense of his memory, if I became the plaything of faction, and the instrument of intrigue. Never ought the son of Napoleon to condescend to play the miserable part of an adventurer." This was of course the point desired.

It is said the young Prince was surrounded with intrigues, and the utmost vigilance, which he knew and approved of, was necessary to protect him from attempts to draw him into them.

One of the very few friends whom the Duke of Reichstadt made for himself (it was probably, however, arranged by the Metternich policy,) was a very deserving young officer, M. Prokesch, who had distinguished himself by his travels in the East, and several military publications. The manner in which the acquaintance was formed is thus described by M. Prokesch:

"After my long travels and my numerous missions, I had gone to visit my family at Gratz. The Emperor, who at that time was traversing Styria, stopped at this town. Pleased with my conduct, and the documents I had been able to lay before him, his Majesty testified his satisfaction by inviting me to his table. I found myself placed next the Duke of Reichstadt, whom I had often regarded with the interest generally inspired by him; but up to that moment I had never spoken to him, or heard him speak.

"I have known you long," said he to me; 'I have been taken up a great deal by you.'

"How, Monseigneur," said I, 'have I acquired this distinction?'

"I have read, I have studied your work on the Battle of Waterloo, and I have been so pleased with it, that I have translated it into both French and Italian."

This was the commencement of an intimacy which appears to have afforded the young Prince a vast source of consolation in his peculiar circumstances. To have a friend, not of his suite, appeared as if he were putting one foot at least in the world.

The epoch of the revolution of July may be supposed to have produced a startling effect on the mind of a young Prince, so deeply interested in the fortunes of his father, and so devoured himself with military ambition. All that we are told on this subject, and, perhaps, all that he expressed, is of a description that comes upon us, at least, with some surprise. "I wish that the Emperor would permit me to march with his troops to the succour of Charles X." Nevertheless, one who knew him well, tells us that his hope and aim was the throne of France, on which he expected to be placed, not by a party in France, but by the general demand of the country, backed by the consent of the monarchs of Europe. To this secret idea, working in the recesses of his heart, must be attributed his restless labours, his continued studies, his fatiguing exercises, his rage for riding, and his passion for military information. He dreaded to be taken unprepared; he as it were slept in his arms. He read all the journals and the pamphlets attentively, watched the play of parties, and shrewdly

predicted their duration. It was about this time that he was agitated by an attempt on the part of the Countess Camerata, a daughter of Eliza Bacciochi, and consequently his cousin, married to a wealthy Italian noble, to involve him in a correspondence. A letter of hers has been published, written in a style of considerable exaltation, with the view of exciting his ambition, and probably urging him to some movement respecting France. The letter was laid on his table by some secret agency. One evening, in disguise, she laid wait for him on entering the Imperial Palace, seized his hand, and kissed it with an expression of the utmost tenderness. Obenaus, the duke's tutor, who was alone with him, and had been struck with surprise as well as the duke, stepped forward and asked her what she meant. "Who," cried she, in a tone of enthusiasm, "will refuse me the boon of kissing the hand of the son of my sovereign?" At the time, the duke was ignorant who it was that had tendered him this sort of equivocal homage, but her subsequent letters enlightened him on the subject. Napoleone Camerata is a lady whose personal and mental traits are said more nearly to resemble those of Napoleon than any other member of her family.

The French revolution, and the prospect of war which it opened upon the different armies of Europe, added fresh excitement to the duke's military studies. He took M. Prokesch for his fellow student and friendly instructor. "We read, at this epoch, with much application, Vaudoncourt, Ségur, Norvins, the aphorisms of Montécuculli, the memoirs of Prince Eugene of Savoy, and the voluminous works of Jomini: all these works were in succession compared, discussed: they are covered with the prince's marks and marginal notes." About this time, also, he put into M. Prokesch's hands a manuscript of singular interest.

"It was a course of conduct traced by himself, in which he laid down the line prescribed to him by his duty. In this composition, interspersed with shrewd general views, he considered his position in relation to France and Austria, he pointed out the rocks which surrounded him, the means of avoiding these dangers, the influences to which his mind was subject, and by which it could be regulated, how his defects might be supplied, his ambition moderated, its movements governed, and in what way useful results might be extracted from tendencies which, if left to themselves, might be mischievous—to, in short, prepare for an honourable life, such as accorded with the rank in which he had been placed by providence. Particular circumstances, which gave to this memoir a remarkable character, induced the Prince to destroy it a few days after he had shown it to me. I now deeply regret it; it

would have been a document of lasting interest. He had formed a judgment of himself of extreme sagacity; it was a portrait of an exact moral likeness, in which he had forgotten neither his faults nor his good qualities."*

This intense self-occupation is not healthy; it is, however, frequently the morbidness of genius. The young Napoleon was, however, in a false position: there was no natural vent by which such diseased action, might be carried off.

The first appearance of the young man in society was on the 25th of January, 1831, at a grand party at the house of the British Ambassador, Lord Cowley. He was exceedingly struck with the strange mixture of remarkable persons, the representatives of the various changes that have lately taken place in Europe.

"How painful and wearisome," he said to a friend the next morning, "are parties of this sort to me. What striking contrasts were assembled in the same apartment! I saw about me (himself by the way, a monument of political change) two princes of the House of Bourbon, Baron de Kentzinger, the representative of Charles X., Maréchal Maison, the ambassador of Louis Philip, the Prince Gustavus Vasa, the natural heir of the throne of Sweden, and Count Lowenheim, minister of Charles John. For the first time, I spoke with Maréchal Marmont: my father quoted him as a man of talent, and I found his conversation correspond with this character. I am to receive him to day. I am glad to find myself in communication with Frenchmen. I do not wish to remain absolutely unknown in France, or that so many erroneous ideas respecting my situation should continue to be entertained there."

This interview with Marmont, the only survivor of his father's early aide-de-camps, had for some time been passionately desired by him. Metternich's permission was obtained: the marshal and his ancient master's son were mutually inclined. The young Napoleon had a thousand questions to ask, a thousand points to clear up. Marmont is a man of education, agreeable conversation, and quite capable of giving all the advantage of language and expression to his experience. It ended in Marmont being engaged to give the duke a whole course of military lectures; the text being Napoleon's campaigns. They were continued until the subject was exhausted, or until, as is not improbable, their frequency had begun to give umbrage. Marmont retired, promising, at least, to see his pupil every fortnight.

The 15th of June, 1831, the prince was named lieutenant-colonel, and took the command of a battalion of Hungarian infantry, then in garrison at Vienna. His exertions

* *Le Duc de Reichstadt. Par M. Montbel.*

in the discharge of his new duties, in addition to his previous occupations, appear to have made the progress of his malady, which had till now proceeded secretly, visible both in his appearance and in his inability to bear fatigue. His voice became hoarse, he was subject to coughs and attacks of fever; he had shot up to a prodigious height, and his appearance bore many marks of the germs of the terrible phthisis, now breaking out into activity.

"Frequently," says his physician, Dr. Malfatti, "I have surprised him in the barracks in a state of dreadful lassitude. One day, amongst others, I found him stretched on a sofa, exhausted, powerless, and almost fainting. Not being able to conceal the wretched state in which I found him, he said, 'I abominate this wretched body that sinks under my will in this manner.' 'It is indeed provoking.' I answered, 'that your Highness cannot change your person, as you do your horses when they are tired; but permit me Monseigneur, I conjure you, to remember, that you have set a will of iron in a body of glass, and that the indulgence of your will cannot prove otherwise than fatal.'

"His life was, in fact, at that time undergoing a process of combustion; he slept scarcely four hours, though, by nature, he required a great quantity of sleep: he scarcely ate at all. His soul was entirely concentrated in the routine of the manage and the different kinds of military exercises; he was, in fact, never at rest; he continued to increase in height, grew wretchedly thin, and his complexion gradually became thoroughly livid. To all my questions he answered, 'I am perfectly well.'

Malfatti at length considered it necessary to present a representation to the Emperor on the state of the Duke's health. Both the patient and the physician were summoned to the imperial presence. Malfatti repeated his statement. The Emperor then turned to the young prince, and said, "You have heard Dr. Malfatti; you will repair immediately to Schönbrunn." The Duke bowed respectfully, and, as he was raising his head, he gave Malfatti a glance of excessive indignation. "It is you, then, that have put me under arrest," he said to him in an angry tone, and hurried away. He was placable, however, and soon forgave his amiable physician. The air and quiet of Schönbrunn were extremely beneficial: he began again to sleep and to eat; the first return of vigour was the signal for exertion. He commenced hunting, as the next best thing to war, in all weathers, and with a recklessness that, joined to similar exposure in visiting neighbouring military stations, soon re-established the malady. Phthisis assumed all its horrible power; he gradually sank, and after dreadful suffering, and all the rallying and resistance which a

strong will can sometimes effect against disease, he fell a victim to it on the 22nd of July, 1833, at Schönbrunn, on the same bed, in the same apartment that his father had occupied as the conqueror of Vienna.

His mother was present during his latter days, and seems to have suffered all a mother's pains. The emperor, whom all agree in describing as an excellent and amiable old man, was greatly affected; a very strong affection subsisted between them; and, on the part of the Duke, it was evident, that the honest, straight-forward character of the Emperor, joined with his paternal kindness and evidently honest intentions, had made a profound impression on the mind and heart of his grandson. On the opening of the body, the opinions of the Duke's physicians were fully confirmed! one lobe of the lungs was nearly gone; and, while the sternum was that of a mere child, the intestines presented all the appearance of decrepitude.

As he laid on his bier, his resemblance to his father, that resemblance so striking in the cradle, became once more remarkable. It might have been detected in life, but the flowing blond hair of his Austrian mother, and his tall form, would naturally mask the resemblance. His manner was graceful and elegant—the expression of his countenance somewhat sad; he was reserved till he fancied he had found a friend, when he became confidential, communicative, and even enthusiastic. He appears to have been universally beloved: no one can recollect an offence—much less an injury; he was full of kindness and consideration for every one about him. But one passion appears to have been developed—that of military ambition. The present with him was but a preparation; in fact, he lived in a future, which for him was never to arrive.

Domestic Hints.

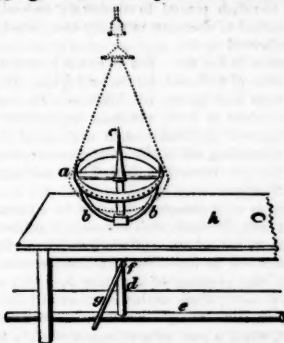
ROASTING BY GAS.

(Abridged from London's *Encyclopædia of Cottage and Villa Architecture and Furniture*.)

An apparatus for roasting Meat of every Kind by Gas has been recently invented by Mr. Hicks, the patentee of the improved iron oven, by which spirit is obtained from the exhalations of fermented bread while baking. This apparatus is so extremely simple and beautiful, that a very few words will suffice to explain it.

The gas is admitted to a metallic circle *a*, in the figure, through a very narrow continuous opening, round the outside of which the gas issues, and forms a ring of blue flame. In the centre, supported by two lateral gas tubes joined to the circle, is an upright spike, *c*, serving as a spit on which the meat to be roasted is stuck. From the centre of the circle the pipe, *d*, which supplies the gas, passes

down to the gas main, *e*; having a cock, *f*, with a regulating lever, *g*, by which the gas can be turned on or off, and the degree of flame produced can be regulated with the greatest nicety. The circle is raised a few inches above a bench or table, *A*, so as to admit of the introduction of a convex tin dish, furnished with a spout for receiving the dripping, under each spit. From this dish



the dripping runs off by the spout, and is collected in any common dish placed under it. Over the bench, at the height of three or four feet, is a projecting boarded canopy or hood, for receiving the heated air and smell from the gas and meat, and conducting them to a flue, so as to prevent them from accumulating in the kitchen. Directly above the gas circle is a cone of polished copper, suspended by a weight. This cone is two inches wider in diameter at the base than the gas circle, and it has a small orifice at the top. When the operation of roasting is to be performed, all that is necessary is to spit the meat, and light the gas, regulating it so as to produce only a blue flame, closely resembling a blue riband round the base of a black turban; and then to bring down the copper cone, until its lower edge is on a level with the base of the gas circle. A vessel to receive the dripping is then placed under the spout of the tin dripping-dish, and the process of roasting goes on, without basting or any other operation whatever being requisite. The heat produced by the gas is radiated from the copper cone on the meat, and, this being done equally on all sides, the latter never requires turning, while the heat not being so intense as that from an open fire, the meat is neither dried nor burned; and, consequently, does not need basting. It is, in fact, roasted by heated air, but air which is constantly renewed; and, therefore, this operation has no affinity with baking. The time required for roasting in this manner is shorter than that before an open fire, in the proportion of about twelve to fifteen; it re-

quitting fifteen minutes for roasting every pound of meat before an open fire, and only twelve minutes for roasting the same quantity by gas. As the cones are nicely balanced, in the manner of chandeliers suspended from lofty ceilings, the cook, when she wishes to look at the meat, can raise and lower the cone hanging over it, with the greatest ease. The fat drops slowly, and as pure as water, into the dish placed to receive it; and when the period of dressing is nearly completed, it is indicated by the appearance of gravy being mixed with the fat. For different joints, and for fowls of different kinds, and game, there are rims and covers of different sizes; and for a sirloin of beef, the cone approaches to the form of a cylinder with a domical top. The operation, when the meat is once spitted, and the gas properly adjusted, is conducted or rather goes on of itself, with all the quiet precision of a chemical process in a laboratory; and, in short, with so much cleanliness, neatness, and absence of smell and heat, that it would not be offensive in a drawing-room.

On the evening of January 5, 1833, we were present, along with a number of gentlemen, in Mr. Hicks's kitchen, in Wimpole-street, when a part of a sirloin of beef, a leg of mutton, two fowls, and a pigeon, were roasted in this manner and afterwards tasted by the company, when they were found to be in all respects equal, if not superior, to meat and fowls roasted in the common way. Mr. Hicks's apparatus had been only erected a few weeks, and was, at the time we saw it, not made known to the public. The expense of gas is much less than might be imagined, the effect being produced not so much by intensity of heat as by its concentration. Mr. Hicks has found sixteen cubical feet of gas, which cost 2½d., sufficient for roasting twelve or fourteen pounds of meat; which is considerably less than a farthing per pound. When it is considered that bread is baked and browned at from 280° to 300° Fahr., and that meat is roasted in bakers' ovens after the bread is removed, the circumstance of gas affording a sufficient degree of heat for roasting will not occasion surprise.

The whole business, therefore, of the preparation of human food by the application of heat, may be performed by gas, and that with great economy, in all families who roast and bake at home. This is only realizing what was long ago anticipated by the late William Strutt, Esq. of Derby. There can be no doubt that oil, or any liquid fat burned in the same manner, would effect the same end; and, indeed this is proved by the portable machine for the use of ships and ambulatory cottages. How far the art of cooking by gas will be suitable for country inns, may be considered uncertain in the present infancy of the invention; but as, on calculation, it is found in London to be much cheaper than

roasting by open fires of coal, and, for small joints, equally cheap with sending meat to be cooked in a baker's oven, it appears highly probable that, wherever gas is used for lighting, it will answer to employ it also for cooking.

The Public Journals.

LIKES AND BELIEFS.

A Sketch.

I LIKE to think, because it shows that one is independent; and I like idleness because it shows that one can afford it. I like to read a good book, because there is some chance of getting at plunder; and I like a bad book because it shows one one's own superiority; and I like fat and ignorant people for the same reason.

"Yon Cassius has a lean and hungry look,

He thinks too much—such men are dangerous."

I like exclusiveness, because it is a proof, that cannot be gainsayed, of a genteel education; and I like liberality, particularly if it be at the expense of others. I like orthodoxy, because I am not given to blunders; and I like Dissenters, because they furnish matter for controversy, as well as an opportunity for showing a charitable disposition. I like persecution, because I have a tolerable quantity of spleen to vent upon its advocates; and I like "civil and religious liberty all over the world," because it is generally toasted in full chorus, and is accompanied with cordials for the stomach. I like metaphysics, because they are mysterious—because the unintelligible and the absurd *seem* to me marching somewhither with a vengeance! and I like political economy, because it talks about wealth, "about it and about it." And why should I like it because it talks about wealth? Just in the same manner, and just for the same reason, as I should like to see the comet. It is to me, at least, who am but a fraction of the British community—"the illustrious stranger."

Pass we now from likes to beliefs, and I still feel myself, gentle reader, to be the "Proteus" of your creeds, as well as your talents. I believe, with the author of the article "Antiquities," in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, that the ancient religion was well adapted to satisfy the cravings of the imagination; and I believe with Plato, in his poetical republic, that its gods were such as could not with decency be admitted into a virtuous community. I believe with the ancient philosophers, who drew up nothing but quicksand, that Truth is to be found at the bottom of a well; and I believe, with the modern retailers of wisdom, that she crieth in the streets and proclaimeth herself from the house-tops. I believe with Bentham, that it is far more important that other people

should know what I think, than that I should know what other people think; and I believe with all modern professors of the critical art, "That index-learning turns no student pale, Yet holds the eel of Science by the tail."

I believe with Hobbes that all government is nothing but coercion; and I believe with Bentham that all law is an infraction of liberty, and that they who preach independence are sure of being listened to. I believe with the same writer, that legislation, as a science, is based upon an accurate and extensive knowledge of human nature; and I believe with his translator, Dumont, that it is difficult to teach it in any country where you can find masters sooner than disciples.

Finally, I believe with all the modern *illuminati*, that reason is gradually perfecting itself, and that the world is approximating to its grand climacteric; and, on the other hand, I believe with Sir Thomas Carlyle, of the "Edinburgh Review," that wisdom is not of yesterday, that the ancients invented glass which the moderns find hard enough to grind into spectacles, and that the march of intellect is like that of a spavined horse, "all action and no go."—*Metropolitan*.

BLUEBEARD AND OTHELLO.

A Parallel.

We are persuaded, for our own part, that the character of Bluebeard, like that of Richard III., has been much misunderstood. Superior to his age, he has suffered by the ignorance of those who were incapable of appreciating the grandeur of his character. In the eyes of the vulgar, he appears a mere ogre, a monster like Dzsarr Pacha, cutting off heads, merely with the view of giving a stimulus to the nerves, and promoting the circulation; he is considered as a pure incarnation of the Spirit of Evil, rendered ludicrous as well as hideous by personal deformity.

To us, on the contrary, he appears in a very different light—in fact, very closely resembling Othello. Nature has framed him with the quickest and deepest sensibilities; of a generous, noble nature, as the liberality of his establishment attests. Where he loves, he embarks his all upon the venture, and his enthusiastic temperament demands a corresponding return. Like Achilles, he foresees his fate in the fatal curiosity of his wife, yet he is prepared to stand the hazard of the die. In return for his love, he asks implicit obedience in one point, yet that's not much—the test is not a severe one. He only begs that his wife will keep clear of the Blue Parlour.

It is the very humility of the demand that aggravates her crime. Had he refused her a suitable pin-money, her guilt would have been intelligible. We would wish to speak

mildly of the character of the first Mrs. Bluebeard. Her domestic cookery was unexceptionable, and we never heard a whisper against her character; in the ordinary relations of life she may have been a good sort of woman. But the black ingratitude of her conduct towards her trusting husband admits of no defence. He would not even permit the winds of heaven to visit her too roughly; for he kept her snug within four walls at his country-house. But the keys are at her disposal in his absence; with one exception she has been allowed "the run of the house," yet she sacrifices her duty and her love to the demon of curiosity. She violates the sanctity of the Blue Parlour.

Probably she found nothing there—no secrets to disclose. But the attempt confounds her as much as the deed. Bluebeard feels at once that all confidence between them is at an end; that his occupation is gone. His own flesh and blood to rebel against him—his wife to be the first to set the example of breaking open lockfast places in her own house—his own private retreat to be invaded in this way—it is a consummation too severe for his fiery nature. All his fond love he blows to heaven; insulted love demands an awful sacrifice on the altar of eternal justice.

Yet with deep relenting and fearful struggles the deed is accomplished. Like Othello, we doubt not, he kissed her ere he killed her, handled her gently as if he loved her, and, instead of blundering the business with a dagger and pillow, performed the unpleasant ceremony at once, "civilly by the sword." And when his painful task was done, he shows his tenderness by having the body handsomely embalmed, or preserved in spirits, in that Blue Parlour which had been the scene of her crime and its atonement.

For a time, doubtless, all his affections slept in the tomb of the first Mrs. Bluebeard. The fountain, from the which his current ran, seemed dried up. Never more would he trust his happiness with the too curious daughters of Eve; man is nothing to him henceforth, nor woman either. But there is no armour against fate. His destiny impels him, like Mrs. Norton's wandering Jew, into the snare of another attachment. He forgets his vows, his convictions of the depravity of human nature; he loves again, and is again undone.

Six times already has the awful sacrifice been exacted of him. He has now lost all hope; he sees that it is his destiny to go on marrying and murdering to the end. This conviction surrounds his character with a shade of soft melancholy; at times it tinges his conversation with an air of misanthropy. Grief turns other men's beards white, or perhaps a sable silvered; but the fearful agonies he has undergone have changed his to blue. At this period of his history, he bears a close

resemblance to Sir Edward Mortimer. The mystery that rests over his establishment gives a strange interest to all his proceedings. Yet it is evident, that at bottom Bluebeard was a man of the finest feelings. If he had not been one of the mildest of men, could that housekeeper of his, with her pestilent temper, have kept her place during the successive reigns of seven Mrs. Bluebeards? Could any man suspect Bluebeard of being stingy? Is it not evident, on the contrary, that he scatters his money about him like a prince? Is not his conduct in regard to marriage settlements that of a perfect gentleman? Is not his wife indulged with every thing her heart could desire at his chateau, bating always her admission into the forbidden chamber? And then how liberal to her sister Anne! Yes—Bluebeard must have been a man of the noblest nature—the victim, in fact, of a too deep and lively sensibility.

This is our conception of the character of Bluebeard—a man by nature noble, loving not wisely, but too well; and when deceived, avenging the outrage with the calm dignity of a destroying angel. Viewed in this light, the character is profoundly tragical. The injured husband tearing his (blue) beard over the body of his last wife, is a situation as terrible as that of Ugolino in the Tower of Hunger.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

THE FAT GENTLEMAN'S COMPLAINT.

A MOURNFUL DITTY.

" Ah me! that I was rather thin!"

How oft I utter that!

Surely quadrilles I would begin,

If I were not so fat.

Down country dances I can go,

(Things heavy can go down,)

Regardless of each lady's toe,

Unheeding lady's frown.

But sooth to say, I'd rather stand

A happy gazer by,

And view the light and cheerful band

Through their quick mazes fly.

And so I stood—the music rang—

The fair looked doubly fair;

As on elastic feet they sprang,

They seem'd embodied air.

To me the gracious hostess came

Smiling with treach'rous glance,

Led me, unwilling, to a dame,

Who wilfully would dance.

Her age was that mysterious one

That never yet was told,

Which smiling sees years onward run—

Years make not ladies old.

Her face was that on which was writ

In rather a strong trace,

So many lines of sense and wit,

That wrinkles found no place.

Her figure was that goodly size

That the well-favour'd kine

Show'd to king Pharaoh's close shut eyes;

In fact, 'twas just like mine.

I led my prize in triumph forth,

What transports then were mine!

As east and west, and south and north,

Our bodies we incline.

The Spanish dance I think 'twas called,

The dance my partner lov'd,

She heel'd, I reel'd—she crawl'd, I sprawl'd—

As waltzing down we mov'd.

As through the whirling dance we haste,

Her waist t' encircle round,

My precious time I did not waste—

No waist on her was found.

If mirth t' excite and merriment

By dancing is t' excel,

None can my belle and I prevent,

From bearing off the bell.

Metropolitan.

New Books.

TREATISE ON HEAT.

[DR. LARDNER has contributed this volume to the *Cabinet Cyclopædia*; and without taking for granted that an editor will execute his own plan better than his *collaborateurs*, we are inclined to consider this as one of the most successful portions. Most persons know the value of the master's eye; and those who do not, may look to the production of this volume as an illustration, especially of the motto which Dr. Lardner has chosen from a recent number of the *Quarterly Review*: "the most obvious remedy (for the declining taste for science) is to provide the educated classes with a series of works on popular and practical science, freed from mathematical symbols and technical terms, written in simple and perspicuous language, and illustrated by facts and experiments which are level to the capacity of ordinary minds." Of the latter part of this sentence, the subjoined extracts are excellent specimens: they are, indeed, so familiar, as to be appreciable in nearly every kitchen, pantry, hall, and cellar in the empire.]

Ice-houses.—In the construction of an ice-house, the walls, roof, and floor should be surrounded with some substance which conducts heat imperfectly. A lining of straw-matting, or of woollen blankets, will answer this purpose. Air being a bad conductor of heat, the building is sometimes constructed with double walls, having a space between them. The ice is thus surrounded by a wall of air, as it were, which is, in a great degree, impenetrable by heat, provided no source of radiation be present. Furnaces intended to heat apartments should be surrounded with non-conducting substances, to prevent the waste of heat.

Summer and Winter Clothing.—If several pieces of cloth, of the same size and quality, but of different colours, black, blue, green, yellow, and white, be thrown on the surface of snow in clear daylight, but especially in sunshine, it will be found that the black cloth will quickly melt the snow beneath it, and sink downwards. The blue will do the same, but less rapidly; the green still less so; the yellow slightly; and the white not

at all. We see, therefore, that the warmth or coolness of clothing depends as well on its colour as its quality. A white dress, or one of a light colour, will always be cooler than one of the same quality of a dark colour, and especially so in clear weather, when there is much sunshine. A white and light colour reflects heat copiously, and absorbs little; while a black and dark colour absorbs copiously, and reflects little. From this we see that experience has supplied the place of science in directing the choice of clothing. The use of light colours always prevails in summer, and that of dark colours in winter.

Effect of Heat on Ornamental Furniture.

—When ornamental furniture is inlaid with metal, care should be taken to provide some means for allowing the metal to expand, since its dilatability is considerably greater than that of the wood in which it is inlaid. Inattention to this circumstance frequently causes the inlaid metal to start from its seat; and this is particularly the case when it is inlaid upon a curved surface, such as the back of a chair. The metal, being more dilatable than the wood, becomes in a warm room too large for the seat in which it is inserted, and therefore starts out.

To cool Wine.—When ice cannot be obtained, wine may be cooled in various ways by the process of evaporation. If a moist towel be wrapped round a decanter of wine, and exposed to the sun, the towel in the process of drying will cool the wine; for the wine must supply a part of the latent heat carried off by the vapour in the process of drying the towel. Wine-coolers constructed of porous earthenware act on a similar principle. The evaporation of water from the porous material reduces the temperature of the liquid immediately surrounding the wine. Travellers in the Arabian deserts keep the water cool by wrapping the jars with linen cloths, which are kept constantly moist. Historians mention that the Egyptians applied the same principle to cool water for domestic purposes. Pitchers containing the water were kept constantly wet on the exterior surface during the night, and in the morning were surrounded by straw, to intercept the communication of heat from the external air. In India, the curtains which surround beds are sprinkled with water, by the evaporation of which the air within the curtain is cooled.

Cold from damp Clothes.—If the clothes which cover the body are damp, the moisture which they contain has a tendency to evaporate by the heat communicated to it by the body. The heat absorbed in the evaporation of the moisture contained in clothes must be in part supplied by the body, and will have a tendency to reduce the temperature of the body to an undue degree, and thereby to produce cold. The effect of violent labour or

exercise is to cause the body to generate heat must faster than it would do in a state of rest. Hence we see why, when the clothes have been rendered wet by rain or by perspiration, the taking of cold may be avoided by keeping the body in a state of exercise or labour until the clothes can be changed, or till they dry on the person; for in this case, the heat carried off by the moisture in evaporating is amply supplied by the redundant heat generated by labour or exercise.

Damp Beds.—The object of bed-clothes being to check the escape of heat from the body, so as to supply at night that warmth which may be obtained by exercise or labour during the day, this end is not only defeated, but the contrary effect produced, when the clothes by which the body is surrounded contain moisture in them. The heat supplied by the body is immediately absorbed by this moisture, and passes off in vapour; and this effect would continue until the clothes were actually dried by the heat of the body. A damp bed may be frequently detected by the use of a warming-pan. The introduction of the hot metal causes the moisture of the bed-clothes to be immediately converted into steam, which issues into the open space in which the warming-pan is introduced. When the warming-pan is withdrawn, this vapour is again partially condensed, and deposited on the surface of the sheets. If the hand be introduced between the sheets, the dampness will be then distinctly felt, a film of water being in fact deposited on their surface.

Danger of drying Clothes in an inhabited Room.—The danger of leaving clothes to dry in an inhabited apartment, and more especially in a sleeping-room, will be readily understood. The evaporation which takes place in the process of drying, causes an absorption of heat, and produces a corresponding depression of temperature in the apartment.

Hints to Housewives.—Vessels intended to contain a liquid at a higher temperature than the surrounding medium, and to keep that liquid as long as possible at the highest temperature, should be constructed of materials which are the worst radiators of heat. Thus, tea-urns and tea-pots are best adapted for their purpose when constructed of polished metal, and worst when constructed of black porcelain. A black porcelain tea-pot is the worst conceivable material for that vessel, for both its material and colour are good radiators of heat, and the liquid contained in it cools with the greatest possible rapidity. On the other hand, a bright metal tea-pot is best adapted for the purpose, because it is the worst radiator of heat, and, therefore, cools as slowly as possible. A polished silver or brass tea-urn is better adapted to retain the heat of the water than one of a dull brown colour,

such as is most commonly used. A tin kettle retains the heat of water boiled in it more effectually, if it be kept clean and polished, than if it be allowed to collect the smoke and soot, to which it is exposed from the action of the fire. When coated with this, its surface becomes rough and black and is a powerful radiator of heat. A set of polished fire-irons may remain for a long time in front of a hot fire without receiving from it any increase of temperature beyond that of the chamber, because the heat radiated by the fire is all reflected by the polished surface of the irons, and none of it is absorbed; but if a set of rough, unpolished irons, were similarly placed, they would become speedily hot, so that they could not be used without inconvenience. The polish of fire-irons is, therefore, not merely a matter of ornament, but of use and convenience. The rough, unpolished poker, sometimes used in a kitchen, becomes speedily so hot that it cannot be held without pain. A close stove, intended to warm an apartment, should not have a polished surface, for in that case it is one of the worst radiators of heat, and nothing could be contrived more unfit for the purpose to which it is applied. On the other hand, a rough, unpolished surface of cast-iron, is favourable to radiation; and a fire in such a stove will always produce a most powerful effect.

THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

(Abridged from *Stuart's Three Years in North America*.)

I HAD heard much of the beauty of the approach to New York from the sea; but the reality altogether exceeded any expectation: it is undoubtedly one of the most magnificent scenes in the world. I know of no more happy disposition of land and water, nor such variety of marked and pleasing features anywhere on the shores or rivers of the British Islands. Neither the Bay of Dublin, nor the Isle of Wight, nor the Firths of Forth or Clyde, present the works of nature on a grander scale, or in more varied and interesting aspects. That boldness of character which lofty hills and mountains produce is alone wanting. The hills which bound the prospect in three or four directions are no where above four or five hundred feet in height.

Much of the city itself is not visible from the water—the island on which it is built consisting of undulating, but not in any part of it of elevated, ground. Still the spires of the churches make a brilliant appearance; gilded by the setting sun, and towering among the trees which shade the streets, and amongst the masts of the ships, surrounding the city on all sides but the north. The situation of the city projected into the bay, on the southern part of the island, is a very

remarkable one. The island, which is twelve or thirteen miles long, by one and a half broad, has all the appearance of a narrow promontory, open to the sea on all sides but the north, on which it is separated from the adjoining country by the Haerlem river, over which there are long, wooden bridges.

As soon as we reached the wharf on the east side of the city, several gentlemen from the Custom-house stepped on board, to seal up the doors of the cabins, until the baggage be examined, and to see that the necessary articles to be taken on shore immediately, contain nothing for which any duty is chargeable. Hackney coaches, here called hacks, were in waiting, and conveyed us—i.e. the party in the ladies' cabin, who had agreed to remain together for a few days, and our friend who accompanied us—to the city hotel, situated in Broadway, the principal street of New York. There are two entrances to this great hotel—the one for the American, and the other for the European side of the house. We are accommodated in the latter, which we find well attended to by an English waiter, formerly at Brookes's Club House, London.

We had hardly got out of the ship, when we were sensible of a prodigious change of temperature. In the ship, the thermometer had seldom been higher than 70 of Fahrenheit. Here it had been for some days at 90: a degree of heat which is uncommon at any time in this part of the United States, and more especially so late in the season. We were anxious, in so fine an evening, to see something of New York, and sallied forth. But our enjoyment was not of long duration, for the heat was so overpowering, that we were soon forced to return. Nothing could be more gay than the appearance of the streets, especially Broadway, the favourite promenade, which is what Queen-street formerly was in Edinburgh in summer evenings, and what Bond-street or Regent-street now is in London; and the shops, here called stores, many of them very handsome, and lighted with gas, crowded with the population, whom the excessive warmth had kept in the house during the day, also arrested our attention.

The situation of this metropolis of the New World has been most happily chosen; in nearly the most central position of the shores of this great continent, with a harbour safe and deep, and of unlimited capacity, comprehending, as it does, the mouth of the Hudson itself,—unrivalled in its facilities of intercourse with the interior parts of the country, not merely by means of its sounds and rivers, but of its recently constructed canals, which, by the exertions of the late governor of this state, De Witt Clinton, were completed and brought into full operation three years ago. The Erie Canal, which will

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immortalize the name of Clinton, begins at that point in the river Hudson, about 160 miles to the northward of New York, where the river becomes no longer navigable for vessels of great size. The canal is above 360 miles long, affording communication to Lake Erie, which is elevated 568 feet above the Hudson at low water, and of course to Lakes Huron, Michigan, and Superior, the most extensive repository of fresh water on the globe. The successful execution of this great work has led to splendid continuations of the system of water communication, especially to the canal, now far advanced, from Lake Erie to the Ohio, which continues the internal navigation from New York to the Ohio, Missouri, and Mississippi, and of course to Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, St. Louis, New Orleans, and the Gulf of Mexico,—a line of internal water communication unparalleled in length in the world. The Champlain Canal connects New York by Lake Champlain with Canada.

Independent of canals, New York enjoys prodigious advantages from her internal seas and rivers. Long Island Sound affords a second channel to the Atlantic, and a safe course to the steam-boats and shipping to the whole of Long Island, and to the states of Connecticut, and Rhode Island, to New-haven, Hartford, and Providence. New York Sound and the contiguous rivers open the way to the coasts of New Jersey and Staten Island, and, by means of steam navigation, bring Philadelphia within a short day's journey of New York. It is not then to be wondered at, that with such a situation, the population and trade of New York should have increased in a degree unexampled, since all restrictions were removed at the peace of 1783. The population was then 22,000, and what is worthy of notice, had been pretty stationary for a dozen of years preceding. In 1790, seven years after the peace, it had increased to 33,000; in 1800 to 60,000; in 1820 to 123,900; in 1825 to 166,000; and is now about 200,000, besides the population of 10,000 or 12,000 in the village of Brooklyn, on Long Island, at the distance of a quarter of a mile. No other city in the United States has increased in a corresponding proportion.

Fine Arts.

A ROMAN VILLA.

THE Roman villa was divided into three parts: the *Urbana*, for the master and family; the *rustica*, for the farmer and husbandman; and the *fructuaria*, or storehouse for corn, wine, and oil. The servants, who were immediately attendant upon the master, and belonged to the *Villa Urbana*, were the *Atrientes*, or what the Italians call *Sala*,

in speaking of the livery-servants collectively; the valets, *cubicularii*, who, it is presumed, were usually freedmen; the secretary, styled *Notarius*; the gardeners for the pleasure-grounds, *Topiarii*; and the musicians and comedians, and persons for entertainment, during repast. This *Villa Urbana*, also denominated *Pseudo Urbana*, and *Pretorium*, from obvious distinction, had a peristyle or court, surrounded by a portico, at the further extremity of which, opposite to the gate of the entrance, was the *Atrium*, or hall, with a portico on each side, looking towards the place of exercise—as lawns, galleries for wrestling, and other smaller buildings. The baths were also annexed to this part of the building, and were always so situated as to enjoy the winter's setting sun. Besides the sitting-rooms, chambers, library, and eating-room, they would often have one of the latter kind in the midst of the park, as we should call it, and sometimes a bed-room, for the sake of quiet and retirement. In the *Villa Rustica*, or farm-house, in apartments over the gateway, lived the Procurator, or steward, that he might know who went in or out; on one side of this, the *Villicus*, bailiff or chief of the husbandmen, and near the *Fructuaria*, or store-rooms, the *Villica*, or house-keeper, under whose order were the female servants, employed in providing food and clothing for the family. The inferior slaves lodged in one great room, and the sick in an apartment called the *Valetudinarium*. The lodgings of the freedmen had a southern aspect. The *Aviarius* had the care of the poultry; and in considerable villas, far from a town, was a master of the workmen, *Ergastularius*, with smiths and carpenters under him. Horses and mules were kept for the use of the master, and asses and oxen for that of the farm, which had yards, much resembling the modern. Particular care was taken of the geese, hens, pigeons, peacocks, and other birds, who had also separate dwellings assigned to them; and not only deer, hares, and every kind of game was attended to, but there can scarcely be named an animal which was not kept by the more opulent Romans at their country seats. The villa was also divided into a winter and summer-house, because it had a suite of rooms adapted to either season. The parts which composed the summer residence were nearly the same as those of the town, except that the dwelling apartments, which did not commonly exceed one story, were always surmounted by a tower, on the top of which was a room pierced with windows on every side, uniformly destined for meals, so that they could add to the pleasures of the table, those of light and prospect. They nearly always built their villas along the high roads, for two reasons, one to get to them more easily, the other to place them more in sight. In

the Pompeian paintings we have villas of this kind. One on the sea-shore, of two stories, has trees planted on the roof. Winckelman says, that the architecture of the villas of Herculaneum is the same as that of the large houses of towns, so that the plan and elevation of the one is the same as that of the other.—*Fosbroke's Encyclopædia.*

The Gatherer.

A Warning.—Holles, Lord Denzil, second son of the first Holles, Earl of Clare, was born in the year 1597. He sat in parliament, as member for St. Michael's, Cornwall, and sided with the opposition party. At the accession of Charles I., he refused the offer of a knighthood of the Bath; and in the parliament of 1627, he was, owing to the interest which he had acquired by his marriage, returned for Dorchester, and took a leading part in favour of liberty. When the three resolutions of the Commons against Popery, Arminianism, and the levying of tonnage and poundage by the king's prerogative, were drawn up, he was one of the two who forcibly held the Speaker in his chair till they were passed. For his conduct on this occasion he was prosecuted, and condemned to a fine and imprisonment in the Tower, where he remained twelve months. No man, says his biographer, had a more disinterested love of his country. When offered by parliament 5,000*l.* as a reparation for the losses which he had sustained in the civil war, "I will not," said he, "receive a penny till the public debts are paid." He died in 1679, in the 82nd year of his age. P. T. W.

Hissing in the House of Commons.—In the year 1604, Mr. Hext moved against hissing, to the interruption and hindrance of the speech of any man in the house; taking an occasion from an abuse of that kind offered on Sunday before: a thing, he said, derogating from the dignity, not becoming the gravity, as much crossing and abusing the honour and privilege of the house, as any other abuse whatsoever. A motion well approved.

Upstarts.—An officer, the son of a courier, thinking that he was not known, passed himself off for a man of quality. Some one, with the design of taking down his ridiculous pride, said to him: "I have heard your father spoken of: he was a man of letters, whose progress was always rapid." A wit likewise humorously satirized the conceited son of an innkeeper, by observing to him, "That his father was a very obliging man, that he always gave people an hospitable reception, and that his house was open to every body."

Vindication of Innocence.—A young marquis in indifferent circumstances, married a very rich old countess of whose wealth he got

entire possession, and he therefore did not hesitate to laugh at her expense among his friends. She too late discovered her fault; but she was less mortified by the contempt of her husband, than tormented by the fear that he might wish to get rid of her; and finding herself ill one day, she exclaimed that she was poisoned. "Poisoned!" said the marquis, in the presence of several individuals, "how can that possibly be? Whom do you accuse of the crime?" "You," replied the old woman. "Gentlemen," said the marquis, "it is perfectly false. You are quite welcome to open her at once, and you will then discover the calumny."

Two Mirabeaus.—The two Mirabeaus were frequently mistaken for one another; the elder, the count, was the celebrated orator, courageous in speech, but a very coward in action; the viscount was brave, but a drunkard. Being wounded in a duel, the count went to pay him a visit. "Well, brother," said the viscount, "this is really kind and generous in you to visit me now, for you will never give me an opportunity of visiting you on a similar occasion."

The count one day reproached his brother with his habits of intoxication. "Why, brother," replied the viscount, "why do you envy me this vice, being the only one you have left me? and as I abandon all the rest of the catalogue to you, pray let me enjoy this solitary one in peace."

The title of Esquire.—A German nobleman asked the late lord Barrington what was the English title of esquire. "I cannot well define it, because in Germany you have nothing correspondent to it; but it is considerably higher than a German baron, and something lower than a German prince."

Palaces.—The palace of the King of Naples stands on 10½ acres; Hampton Court on 8 or 9; St. James's on 4; and Buckingham House on about 2½.

The Living taken in by the Dead.—John de Meun, the satirical French poet, who died in the year 1364, directed in his will that his body should be interred in the church of the Dominicans, at Paris, bequeathing to them, in the way of recompense, a heavy chest, which was not to be opened till after the funeral. The contents proved to be of no value whatever; which so enraged the holy fathers, that they ordered the dead body to be disinterred. This coming to the knowledge of the parliament, an order was issued to insist upon their giving it an honourable burial in their cloister. P. T. W.

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